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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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A PICK OF POSIES

"Thank you for Volume I, No. 2 of North Carolina Folklore . . . . I have always enjoyed reading whatever you have edited or written."
---Marguerite Olney, Curator, Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury, Vt.

"The issue of North Carolina Folklore which has just arrived is flavorsome and zesty. I congratulate you on its rebirth. The 'Hard-Luck' story on pp. 16-17 was given me . . . by a student of mine last Spring."
---Richard M. Dorson, Review Editor, Journal of American Folklore, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan.

"What appeals to me most in this issue is the sheer personal way in which you edit it -- the little introductions to the articles, including your own -- in which one can feel your warm personal talk. That makes the reading of a magazine much more pleasant. . . . Your variety of articles. . . . Folklore does not have to be cut and dried and statistical and analytical. I read twice the charming little story written by Katy."
---Moritz Jagendorf, Editor, Magazine of French Folklore, "Folklore 'Round the Land" in Story Art, 260 Riverside Drive, New York.

"Grateful for [the number] which contains the little masterpiece "The Tw--ins," by Katy Talbert. We enjoyed it . . . as have our neighbors . . . . An excellent job."
---D. T. Starnes, Professor of English, University of Texas, Austin.

"Thank you very much for the extremely interesting and delightful number of N. C. Folklore, which I have read from cover to cover. 'The Twins' is the best of its kind I ever saw; but all is good."
---Bertrand H. Bronson, Professor of English, University of California, Berkeley 4.

"I have read it 'from kiver to kiver.' Of special interest to me is 'A Modern Ballad,' by W. F. Bryan. It brought back memories of Chapel Hill in 1902-06, when the student body numbered about 500 . . . . the crowd at the post office waiting for mail; the lobby small and crowded. Freshmen had to stand outside and wait; if they went inside, they were given 'the bum's rush' and thrown out on the sidewalk."
---Dr. B. E. Washburn, formerly of The Rockefeller Foundation, Rutherfordton, N. C.

"Grateful. . . . It is a very interesting and worth-while publication and indicates that you and your contributors have done much in the collection of folklore."
---Joseph D. Clark, Professor of English, State College, Raleigh.

"My sincere thanks . . . . The humor and vivacity of your two articles . . . .
---Ben H. Wilson, Assistant Professor of English, Davidson College, N. C.

"I appreciate . . . . Filled with interesting material and provides a splendid handbook for quick reading."
---J. D. Messick, President, East Carolina College, Greenville.

"Thanks infinitely . . . . All its contents are delightful, and your comments are its 'poynaunt sauce [ever] a deal.' . . . . Its feature attractive to my mind is that extraordinary modal tune of 'Bangum.'"
---George W. Boswell, President, Tennessee Folklore Society, Clarksville.

A JOB OF WORK

By Manly Wade Wellman

[As told to Mr. Wellman by an old man named Green, a bee hunter, living near Bat Cave, Henderson County, in 1951.
[Manly Wade Wellman, a freelance writer now living in Chapel Hill, was born in Portuguese West Africa, the son of Dr. Creighton Wellman, a medical missionary. He is a graduate of the University of Wichita. He has lived in Kansas, Utah, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, and the Ozarks country, where he has been a keen observer of local customs and an imbiber and transmuter of traditional lore. His publications include Giant in Gray, a Biography of Wade Hampton (Scribners', 1949); eight "juveniles," three of which have been Literary Guild selections; and 500 short stories and articles. He is at present working on Rebel Boasts (Civil War stories by Confederates). Mr. Wellman contributed the text and tune of "Vandy, Vandy" to North Carolina Folklore, Vol. II, No. 1.
[The illustration for "A Job of Work" was drawn by John Walker, of Rutherfordton, North Carolina, an anthropology major who took Folklore 185 during the Fall Semester of 1954-55 at the University of North Carolina.]

You'll find Mr. Joe John Collins' place up the winding hill road yonder, with fields terraced up slope, growing good-looking corn, and nice stock in Mr. Joe John's barns and pens, and he'd feed ary hungry neighbor, or tend ary sick one. All that sorrowed him, this day I mention, was his little boy Anse---crippled ever since he fell off the wagon and it run over his both legs.

That noon a stranger-man tramped into sight up the road's curve and stopped at Mr. Joe John's mail box. "Wonder if there might be a job of work for me," he said. "I'm a carpenter." And he showed the tool kit he carried.

Mr. Joe John liked the looks of the carpenter; so he said, "Yes. Come here across the yard. See that neighbor-house yonder?"

Between the two houses run a foot path, but midway across was dug a deep ditch, with water running down from above.

"Me and that neighbor-man was like two brothers once," said Mr. Joe John. "Then we fell out over a piece of land, and he dug that ditch to show he don't want me coming on his place. Now I'll go him one better. I want you to take these planks and poles and build me a board fence along this side the ditch, so he can't even see me over here."

The carpenter studied. Then he allowed, "I can do something you like."

"All right. Now I'm going to the upper field to chop weeds. See you later."

Mr. Joe John went, and the carpenter set to work. Like ary lone working man, he started in to sing. Not a silly song, nor purely a funny one, but you felt good to hear it, or, I reckon, to sing it. In Mr. Joe John's house, little Anse heard, and got off the couch and took his crutches and began to inch out there, on his poor swunk-up little legs. And when he got to where the carpenter was working little Anse smiled, and the carpenter smiled back at him.

All that day the carpenter worked and talked to little Anse, and when he finished he went back to the house, and there came Mr. Joe John. "All finished?" he asked the carpenter.

"Yes," the carpenter replied him; "come and see."

And Mr. Joe John went to look, and gentlemen! That carpenter hadn't built ary fence at all. He'd up and used that lumber to make a foot-bridge over the ditch, and across the bridge come walking the neighbor with his hand stuck out.

"Joe John," he said, "you don't know how dog-sorry I was I dug that ditch. But now you build this bridge, Joe John, to show you never favored us being cut off---"

Mr. Joe John shook his old friend's hand. "Why," he said, "I'm just as pleased

as you are. But don't credit me with the bridge notion. This carpenter here, he thought it up."

They both looked round. The carpenter had hoisted up his tool kit, ready to leave. He smiled at them. Then, before he was gone, he put his free hand on little Anse's head, just half a second.

He said, "Throw away those crutches."

Little Anse flung them away. And, fast as ary boy ever ran, he run to his daddy.

Next moment, the carpenter wasn't there. But all three of them knew who he was, and how he's with us always, the same as he promised, even to the end of the earth.

A GARLAND OF BALLADS FROM CALDWELL COUNTY

By Andra Joy Hamilton

[The following ballads were contributed by Miss Andra Joy Hamilton, of Durham (since June 1955, Mrs. Eugene B. Pond, of Beaufort), as part of a term paper submitted to the Editor in his English 167 (The Ballad and American Folksongs) in 1953. The music, not then included, was furnished in the Summer of 1954, when Miss Hamilton submitted to tape recording of her songs by the Editor. The tunes were transcribed by Mr. Daniel W. Patterson, of Greensboro.

[Miss Hamilton received her A.B. in 1953 and her M.A. in 1955, preparing for a career as a social worker.

[In the introduction to her paper, and in her tape recording, Miss Hamilton stated that she learned all of the songs here given from her mother, Mrs. Andrew J. Hamilton, of Durham, who in turn learned them from her mother, Mrs. H. H. Messick, who was reared on King's Creek, Caldwell County. Oral tradition in Mrs. Messick's family goes back to Delaware, where her family first settled; then to Caldwell County, whither the family moved some time before the American Revolution; before that, to Scotland.

["At Home, My Lassie" has thus far defied the Editor's attempts to trace it to some published collection or text. One difficulty is that it is only a fragment, and possibly not the beginning, of a longer piece. It sounds as if it ought to be in Allan Ramsay's or Burns's or one of the other Scottish collections; but if so I have not been able to find it. The nearest thing to it found thus far is the refrain of "The Northern Lassie's Lamentation; Or, The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune," Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 168-170:

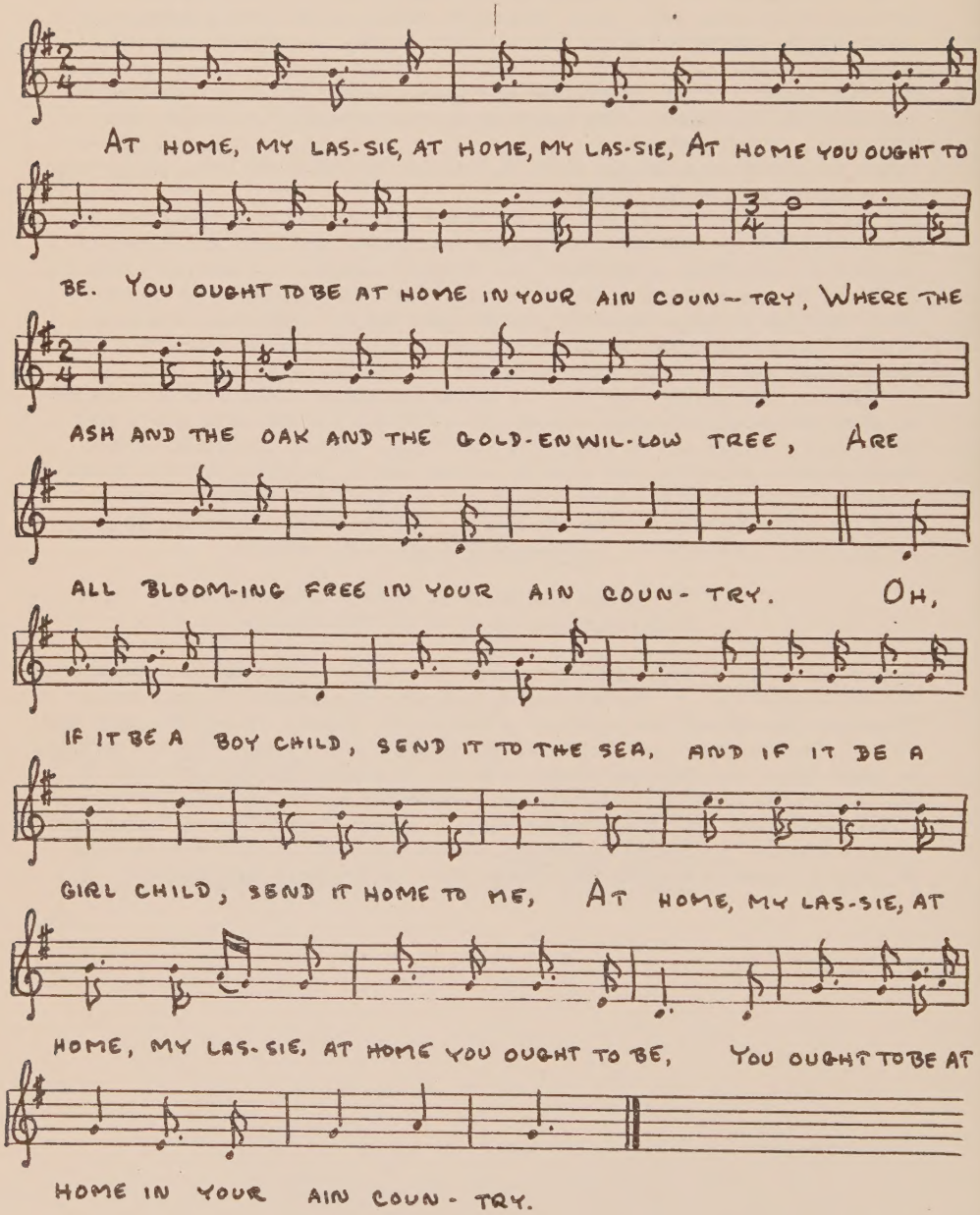
> "O the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree
> Doth flourish at home in my own country"--

with a note: "Tune: I would I were in my own country. Perhaps originally by Martin Parker . . . . The old tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book."

[The next two ballads are versions of Francis J. Child's "Young Hunting" and "The Golden Vanity," respectively, The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, of which there are different versions in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. II, and many other American collections.

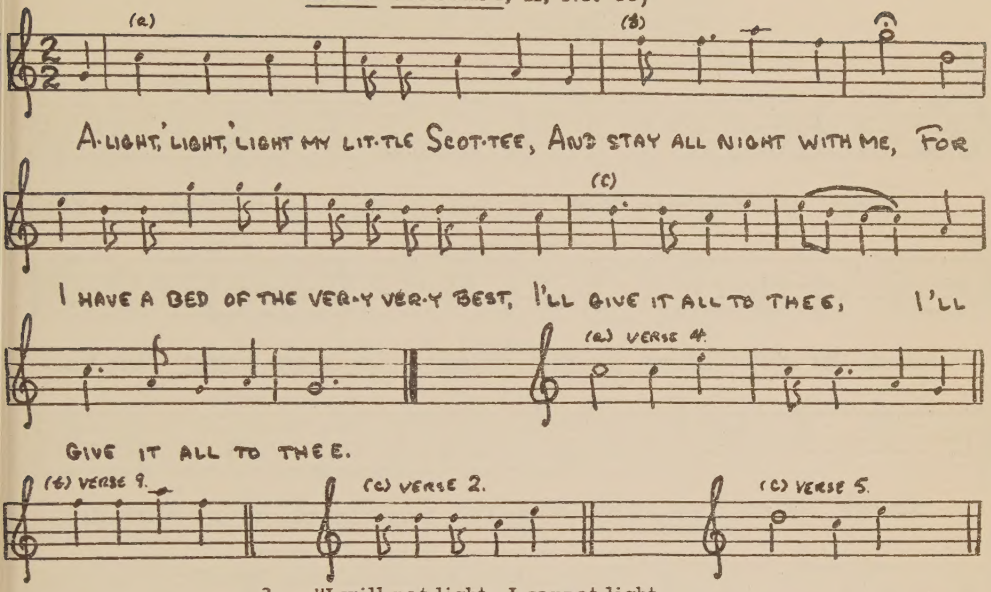
["One Morning in May (The Nightingale)" is a well-known English ballad, not represented in The Brown Collection, but to be found, in different variants, in Cecil J. Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, II.]

AT HOME, MY LASSIE


AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME YOU OUGHT TO
BE. YOU OUGHT TO BE AT HOME IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY, WHERE THE
ASH AND THE OAK AND THE GOLD-EN WIL-LOW TREE, ARE
ALL BLOOM-ING FREE IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY. OH,
IF IT BE A BOY CHILD, SEND IT TO THE SEA, AND IF IT BE A
GIRL CHILD, SEND IT HOME TO ME, AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT
HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME YOU OUGHT TO BE, YOU OUGHT TO BE AT
HOME IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY.

LITTLE SCOTTEE

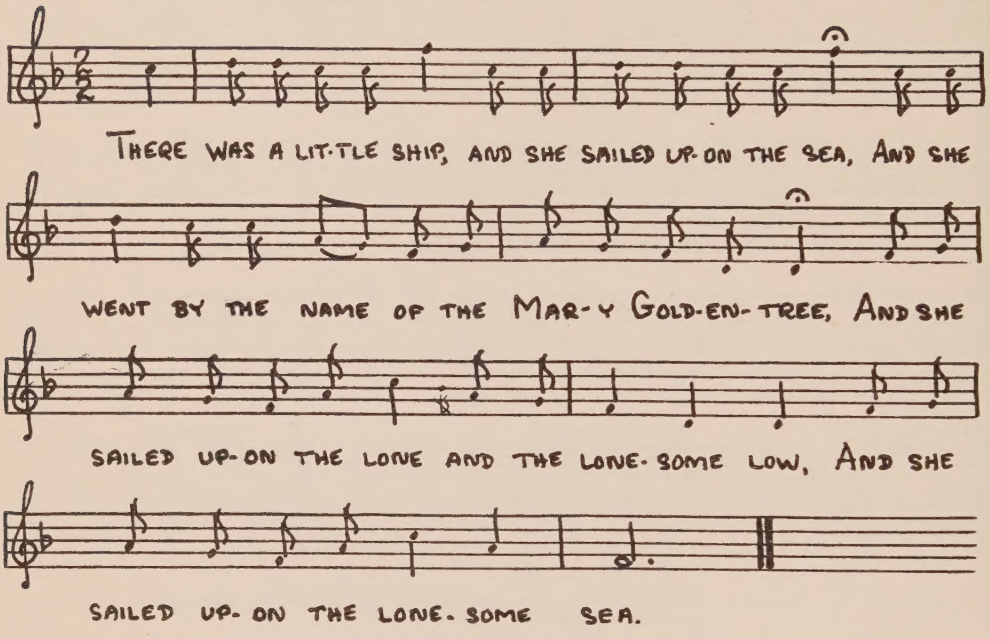
("Young Hunting," Child, No. 68;
Brown Collection, II, No. 18)


(a)
(b)
A-LIGHT, 'LIGHT, 'LIGHT MY LIT-TLE SCOT-TEE, AND STAY ALL NIGHT WITH ME, FOR
(c)
I HAVE A BED OF THE VER-Y VER-Y BEST, I'LL GIVE IT ALL TO THEE, I'LL
(a) VERSE 4.
GIVE IT ALL TO THEE.
(b) VERSE 9.
(c) VERSE 2.
(c) VERSE 5.

2. "I will not light, I cannot light
And stay all night with thee,
For I have a girl in an old Scotch loch
Is waiting tonight for me,
Is waiting tonight for me."
3. It may have been in the middle of the night;
I'm sure it was not day.
"Here lies a dead man in my bed.
Come carry him away."
4. She called up her men and maids
By one, by two, by three,
"Here lies a dead man in my bed.
Come carry him away."
5. Some took him by his lily white hand,
Some took him by his feet,
And threw him in a brand-new well
Some forty feet deep.
6. "Alight, 'light, 'light, my little birdee,
And settle on my knee,
For I have a cage of the very very best.
I'll give it all to thee."
7. "I will not 'light, I cannot 'light
And settle on your knee.
I'm afraid you'll pierce me through the heart
As you did the little Scottee."
8. "Oh, if I had my bow and arrow
And my rolling string,
I'd pierce you through your little heart
And through your leaf so green."
9. "Oh, if you had your bow and arrow
And your rolling string,
I'd fly away to the heavens above
And never more be seen."

THE GOLDEN WILLOW TREE

("The Golden Vanity," Child, No. 286;
Brown Collection, II, No. 47)


THERE WAS A LIT-TLE SHIP, AND SHE SAILED UP-ON THE SEA, AND SHE
WENT BY THE NAME OF THE MAR-Y GOLD-EN-TREE, AND SHE
SAILED UP-ON THE LONE AND THE LONE-SOME LOW, AND SHE
SAILED UP-ON THE LONE-SOME SEA.

2 She hadn't been sailing but a week or two
Till she came in sight of the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

3 The Captain cried, "O what shall I do?
For yonder comes the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea."

4 Up stepped a little carpenter, said, "What'll you give to me
If I go and sink her in the bottom of the sea,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea?"

5 "I have houses and I have lands, I have houses and I have lands,
I have a daughter you may have at your command
If you sink her in the lowland lonesome sea,
If you sink her in the lowland sea."

6 He turned on his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

7 He had a little instrument a-purpose for the use,
He cut nine gashes in the salt water juice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

8 Some a-playing cards, some a-playing dice,
Some a-standing by a-giving good advice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

9 Some with their hats and some with their caps
Trying to stop those salt-water gaps,
As she sunk in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sunk in the lowland sea.

10 He turned upon his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

11 "Captain, O Captain, be true to your word,
And take me now again on board,
For I have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
I've sunk her in the lowland sea."

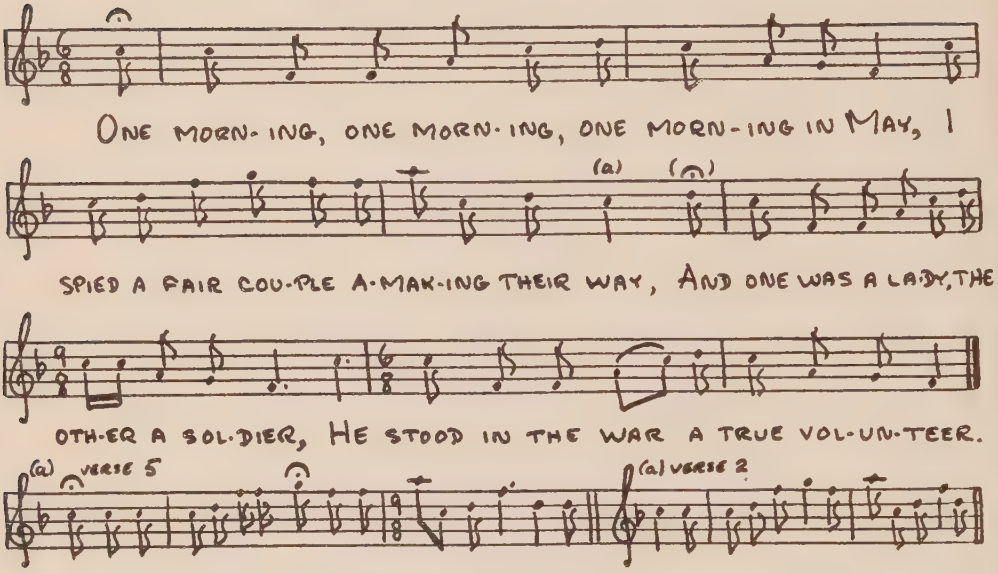
12 "I'll neither be as good as my word
Nor will I take you on board,
For you have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
You've sunk her in the lowland sea."

13 "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them;
I would sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lowland sea."

14 He turned on his back and down sunk he,
Bidding farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

(Cf. Karpeles-Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, II, 192-194; not in Brown Collection)


ONE MORN-ING, ONE MORN-ING, ONE MORN-ING IN MAY, I
SPIED A FAIR COU-PLE A-MAK-ING THEIR WAY, AND ONE WAS A LA-DY, THE
OTH-ER A SOL-DIER, HE STOOD IN THE WAR A TRUE VOL-UN-TEER.
(a) VERSE 5
(a) VERSE 2

2. "Good morning, good morning," the lady she cried.
   "Good morning, good morning," the soldier replied.
   "I'm happy to meet you here this morning,
   Although you're a lady and I a soldier."
3. They had not been standing but one hour or two
   When out of his knapsack a fine fiddle he drew.
   He tuned it up to a very high string
   And played till the waters glided and the nightingale sang.
4. "And now," said the soldier, "'tis time to give o'er."
   "Oh, no," said the lady, "play that tune once more."
   So he tuned up his fiddle to a very high string
   And played till the waters glided and the nightingale sang.
5. "Now," said the lady, "will you marry with me?"
   "No," said the soldier, "that never can be.
   For fair tender little children I have three
   And as pretty a little wifee as you ever did see."
6. Come all you young ladies, take warning by me,
   And when you see soldiers, don't love them so free,
   For fair tender little children they may have three
   And as pretty a little wifee as you ever did see.

Note: Each line of the fifth stanza was sung to the first phrase of the melody.

SOURCE OF THE HARD-LUCK STORIES

By John E. Keller

[Dr. Keller is a native of Kentucky, where he attended the public schools and the University of Kentucky (A.B. and M.A.). In 1946 he was awarded the Ph. D. degree in Romance Languages by the University of North Carolina. After teaching three years at the University of Tennessee, he came to the University of North Carolina, where he is Associate Professor of Romance Languages, teaching Old Spanish and Folklore 314 (Folk Narrative) and various courses in Spanish. He has prepared editions of Spanish tales of ultimate folk origin, e.g., El libro de los engaños (1949) of the thirteenth century and a Motif-Index of Spanish Exempla (1953). His published articles, mainly in the field of folklore, number twelve, besides several reviews. He is at present preparing an edition of El libro de los gatos (to be published by the Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas in Madrid), a translation of El libro de los engaños (translation series of the Modern Language Association of America), and the vocabularies of three works for an Old Spanish Dictionary (MLA). He has recently received acceptance by Sports Illustrated (a Time and Life publication) of an article, with illustration, on a game of baseball played in 13th-century Spain (time of King Afonso X)! Dr. Keller is a member of the North Carolina Folklore Society and of the University Folklore Council.]

North Carolina Folklore (September, 1954, pp. 16-17) carried an item entitled "Two Versions of a Hard-Luck Story." One of these was picked up by Professor James M. Carpenter and the other by Professor Floyd Stovall. The first, "The Magpie Story," came from England; the second, from a Texas newspaper. The fact that the tale is extant in our country and among our British friends is significant. It becomes even more significant when its presence in other countries and in other cultures is made apparent. Stith Thompson in His Motif-Index of Folk-Literature (motif Z41.10) reveals the presence of this story in several literatures and cultures, and his findings indicate an original oriental source. But such a source did not make its way directly into the western world and into the languages of Western Europe. There had to be an intermediary, a more direct origin for the many occidental versions and instances of this motif.

One of the most widely circulated medieval books, and at the same time one of the least remembered, is, I believe, the western source and point of origin for the tale. This work is the Disciplina Clericalis of a Spanish Jew converted to Christianity in the early twelfth century. He was baptized in 1106 with the name of Petrus Alphunsus, in Spanish Pedro Alfonso, and although he was a man of great learning and science, his most outstanding contribution must be considered to be this collection of some fifty-odd moralized tales.

The almost phenomenal spread and acceptance of his Disciplina Clericalis has been noted by specialists, but by and large, the world today has all but forgotten him and his contributions to literature. Out of this repository of tales have come some of the most interesting and important of western motifs. We find strong traces of the tales from the Disciplina Clericalis in Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Marie de France, Vincent of Beauvais, the Gesta Romanorum, Johannis Gobius, and many others. Admittedly, one can seldom state that the tales of Pedro Alfonso are the direct source used by these many authors. Few of them ever read his collection; but the influence of the work, carried the length and breadth of Europe, translated into nearly every language of western learning, used in the Medieval and Renaissance pulpits, and borrowed by the folk of several European peoples, has been rather

carefully examined and noted. Few books written in any age have had an influence as great as has the Disciplina Clericalis.

The author of this rather small volume tells us in a prologue that he translated it from an oriental tongue, and we assume that this was Arabic, since the book was written in Spain at a time when Arabic was as important as a cultural language as was Latin. The possibility that it may have been Hebrew, however, must not be overlooked.

The version of Pedro Alfonso, which I have translated from the Latin of the original, follows:

The Tale of Maimundus the Servant

It was related that the master was coming from the market happy in his gain, for he had earned a great deal. The servant Maimundus went out to meet him. When the master saw him he feared that he would give him some bad report as was his habit, and he said:

"Beware that you tell me no bad news!"

"I shall tell you no bad news," replied Maimundus, "but our little dog, Bispella, is dead."

"How did she die?" asked the master.

"Our mule was frightened and broke the halter, and as he was running away, he crushed the dog beneath his feet."

"What became of the mule?" asked the master.

"He fell into the well and died."

"How was the mule frightened?"

"Your son fell from the tower so that he died, and by this the mule was frightened."

"What is his mother doing?"

"Because of her sorrow for her son she died."

"Who is taking care of the house?"

"Nobody, since it is in ashes and all that was in it."

"How was it burned?"

"On the night on which the mistress died the maidservant, who was sitting up with her, forgot a candle in the parlor and the whole house burned."

"Where is the maidservant?"

"She ran to put out the fire and a beam fell upon her head and killed her."

"How did you escape, since you are so lazy?"

"When I saw the maidservant dead, I ran away."

. . . . . .

Similarities between the original and the versions cited by Professors Stovall and Carpenter are numerous. The tale as found in the mouth of the folk in Spain today follows the same tradition. I heard it most recently on one of Arthur Godfrey's morning programs this fall and found it hardly altered in tone and content. Differences in the actual misfortunes learned by the master from his servant may be present, but in essence all versions of this ancient story are the same, and all go back at least as far as the Disciplina Clericalis of Pedro Alfonso, the Spanish Jew.

DARK PURSUIT AND GREEN HOPE

By Richard N. Coffin

[Although Richard N. Coffin was born in Oxford, England, on March 22, 1929, he is really a native of the State of Maine. He left England at the age of six months, and spent his first five years in Aurora, in upstate New York. From then on until his Army service he has lived in Maine, and more particularly, he has lived on the coast of Maine, a very important distinction in that state. He attended Choate School in Connecticut. His undergraduate college years were at Bowdoin College, in his home town of Brunswick, Maine, with the addition of a summer session at the University of Madrid in Spain. He received his B.A. from Bowdoin in 1951, and he went on to receive his M.A. from Harvard in 1952. He spent two years in the Army, one year of which was duty with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Mr. Coffin is now working towards his Ph. D. at the University of North Carolina.

[Mr. Coffin feels that in his education he owes a greater debt to his father, the poet Robert Peter Tristram Coffin, whose stories and poetry formed part of the former's childhood. His father also transmitted to him another educator - the Maine coast, itself, a narrow fringe of danger and beauty, whose people still retain many ballad ways. In this paper, written for Dr. Hudson's Ballad Course at the University of North Carolina, he reflects this after-school education, and the knowledge gained in the Ballad Course.]

At a time in which our culture, our high culture found in our classic works, is rapidly receding from us into a haze of TV antennas, etc., it is refreshing to discover in our very midst a social sub-group which lives and breathes in its ancient ways. Our children, the ones who are still surviving the assaults of adult non-culture in general, and the assaults of Deweyism in particular, think and play in ways which are older than the bulk of English literature. The shouting youngsters in the nearby lane would at once feel closer to and accept as their own, children playing near the Tabard in preference to their own adults.

The groundling at the Globe saw more drama, and, more to the point, incorporated more of its wit and sense into his daily living than the most leisurely or erudite of the present day does. How much more intense is the culture of the child, the eagerly awaited escape from meals, the house, and school. The child does something in his play which is midway between acting and living, an action which utilizes that which is the most fun of both. The play-drama of the child is more real because it is more pervading than the various matters which dominate our adult lives. While we worry about income tax, we are also thinking about Indo-China, the noisy dog in the street, and six other things. The child at play is all intent on that play.

This singlemindedness of play is due to the fact that the feelings and emotions involved are at once basic and primitive. In the various "tag"-type games treated below, fear, the fear of being caught, and the concomitant instinct of self-preservation spur the action into fast and hard running. A child who is sluggish, even under the birch rod, once grasped by the emotion of tag which will dominate him, will run faster, move quicker than he ever thought possible.

A culture that constantly proclaims its ideals and directions such as ours is a culture unsure of itself. Our present state of criticism and self-examination finds no parallel in the world of play. Although games represent a hodge-podge of old ideas, ideals, beliefs, the cast-offs of history, everything is so real to the child that he never questions, but, rather, believes intensely. In this limbo there stalk in the chase games old monsters which were fables by the time of even the Salem trials; yet the child knows, or rather feels, their

existence. In the survivals of sundry fertility rites, the May games and various little scraps with the mention of green in them, we are with the child back on a primitive threshold where we see goodness and happiness flow into the world with the ever-returning spring. The child is unaware, except in feeling, of all these matters. He is as naive as Robin Hood, far away with his merry men in the greenwood, scorning the routines of comfort of regular life, seeking adventure in the call of a horn. Almost too soon we seek to make new adults by banishing these dusty ideas. When the thinkers emptied the night of its monsters, they destroyed unwittingly beauty which walked in sunlight.

The commonest and the simplest of all children's games is "tag." It must be remembered that the great leveling process so active in our time has also been active in this field of games. Newell remarked on this fact as far back as the turn of the century.[1] Tag is not a game, but, rather, it is the surviving common denominator of a number of games some of which Newell has transcribed.[2] Essentially this important game "motif" contains the following elements: designation of the "it," pursuit of others, a capture, and a change of status of the captured. It may seem odd and in poor taste to reduce tag to such a formula, but the reasons will appear shortly.

At once the "it" strikes an odd note. Why in these games is the central player designated by the impersonal pronoun? "It" is such a commonplace to all childhood, that the question seems fatuous; but with a moment's thought the import of the question is clear. In the tense stage of play when the person is selected to be "it," this person suddenly loses all his personal traits. He becomes merely something to be escaped. It has already been remarked that in play simple emotions dominate. This grip by feeling will alone provide earnestness which will make the game real to the players. The use of the word it is an instance of folklore explaining itself with great lucidity. In the situation of tag it is exactly what the person must become for the success of the game.

In Newell's chapter on "Games of Chase" mentioned in note 2 there are a number of games employing the tag motif with "it." In these older, more complex games "it" is found to be at times a hawk, a wolf, a witch; and, most interesting, in game 108, "Blind-man's Buff," Newell finds the blinded one related to the "Belly-blind" of the Child ballads.[3] In New England B. A. Botkin found the game "Pompey," in which "it" is a ghost called to action by someone plucking a tree on his grave.[4] This latter game of "Pompey" has the same animistic belief found in such Child ballads as "Tam Lin" (no. 39) and "Hind Etin" (no. 41), in which disturbance of a growing thing brought forth a supernatural being. The same story is found in Louise Pound's "Poor Robin" song.[5] Thus, in the face of the tendency in America to shift away from the supernatural, it is found that the elusive "it" was often an unearthly thing. With this fact, the other elements of the tag motif outlined on a previous page become clear.

The "it" pursues a prey terrified by "its" ghostly nature. Children are re-enacting the drama of the supernatural ballad. Capture means some

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1. William Wells Newell, Games and Songs of American Children (New York, 1911), p. 27.

2. Newell, Chapter XI, pp. 153-169.

3. Newell, p. 162.

4. B. A. Botkin, A Treasury of New England Folklore (New York, 1947), p. 895.

5. Louise Pound American Ballads and Songs (New York, 1922), p. 232.

ghastly contamination. Thus, the tag motif is a dynamic structure in the tag games, providing the motivation of the indispensable game emotions. It does not appear that these games retained this other-world element just within themselves. It is difficult to perceive how children could feel this dread without transferring ideas and feelings from ghost stories and the grimmer type of fairy tales heard at home. In dealing with this subject the writer must refer to his own childhood to illustrate the point that superstitious fear was felt in the pursuit of a tag game.

In Brunswick, Maine, we played a tag type game called "Kick the Can." A person was selected as "it." He had to wait, hiding his eyes, while the can was kicked, and the players scattered to hide. "It" could not go after the others until he had replaced the can. Each player on capture was placed in a certain area. A player still free could release his captive mates by sneaking in and kicking the can again. It is significant that we either chose, or tradition dictated, that we never play in the daytime. "Kick the Can" was always played at twilight or after dark, when the familar neighborhood grew strange with the fore-shortening of distances, and the disappearance of work-a-day vistas. The writer can recall vividly the following emotions in series as the game progressed. First, in the counting out there was a vague relief in not being "it"; the magic of "inney, minney, moe, you're not it" was a charm against becoming something strange. After kicking the can (plucking the apple on the grave, violating the tabu), there was one overwhelming urge, to get away, and get away fast. There was greater and greater joy with each huge stride that removed one from the fearful area. Then there was the hiding and waiting, the fear of being seen. A larger fear grew as "it" came near in his search. This is the key emotion. This fear was the same as the ones felt after ghost stories, the same felt long after games in dreams of pursuit.

Although this is subjective evidence, the writer feels that in this game the same core of darkness was being tampered with that any necromancer dared try. There is no scale of comparison when fear fills the mind.

The games of chase depend upon this nucleus of supernatural tag for their exciting existence. And in this nucleus of the tag motif there appears folk creation at work generating the emotions that pulse the game into life. It is at rare times that folk creation is seen, yet in games, each game is a new one; each time the conditions of emotion must be recreated. In Brunswick we used the initial condition of night; from there we relied on the dynamics of the chase, and the background of childish dreads.

It is these games of pursuit which still survive. The happier, lighter games which derive ultimately from May rites have not endured as well. In dealing with this latter group we do not discover any clear-cut structure such as is found in the tag games. There is, however, one persistent theme that hardly ranks even as a motif. This is the constant appearance of green in many of the little songs and dances which children performed generally up to the Victorian Era.

Newell sees these references to green as meaning the greens of English villages on which the little spring-time activities took place. [6] He gives the very pretty song:

Tread, tread the green grass
Dust, dust, dust
Come all ye pretty fair maids
And walk along with us.

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6. Newell, p. 50.

It is undoubtedly true that the green grass of the village green is sometimes meant. However, something else is also indicated, especially in other songs which clearly do not refer to the village green. Newell's game No. 7 is of this type.

> Green grow the rushes, O.
> He who will my true love be,
> Come and sit by the side of me.

No. 15 is also a "green" song without reference to a village green.

> Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
> And all the free masons are ashamed to be seen.

In game No. 18, which is based on the Hugh of Lincoln motif, green is the color worn by the little murderess who throws Harry in a well, indicating that, Jews or no Jews, she was once a water sprite in the Celtic past. "Young Hunting" (Child No. 68) has the same story with green clothing and a water burial.

Into this hodge-podge of green we must add the use of green in the ballads. The greenwood of the Robin Hood ballads carries a connotation of a place of freedom from the feudal iron fist. Here in the greenwood Robin Hood can defy kings and nobles. To the peasant this commonplace was a breath of free air. Possibly this all is an instance of the folk mind reaching back to more happy times before the Normans. The remaining sign of the past was mystic green of some fertility rite. Surely it was a sign of the returned spring in the May games. Evidently in the Middle Ages green became the color of a kind of wistful happiness to the folk. It may not have been a mere survival. Under a cruel Church the folk may have built up the superstition. [7] The folk, turning from the "pie-in-the-sky" doctrines of Rome to present joys arising from the appearance of growth and warmth in the land, may have started to weave again the basic stuff of belief.

In the games noted here green was always connected with the winning or selection of a true-love. It is a small matter to transfer the folk feeling about green to these circumstances. Some force of the older fertility rites in May might have still survived as it still does in the phrase and practice of June brides. As with so much of folklore, the facts remain vague and unspecified, but we can always say, there may be something here.

In children's games the last remains of a consistent folk culture can be glimpsed. The wonderful thing is that our children still have spirit enough to live and feel these very old scraps of culture. They are maintaining a green banner of revolt, of a slowly dying revolt which is primitive and childish but somewhat better than the vast system of non-culture which replaces it. [8]

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7. Cf. the lines (36-38) in Swinburne's Hymn to Proserpine: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath; / We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death." [Ed.'s note.]

8. Cf. A. P. Hudson, "Folklore Keeps the Past Alive," New York Folklore Quarterly, Winter, 1951, pp. 291-294, which Mr. Coffin had not seen when he wrote this article. [Ed.'s note.]

MORRIS GAMES

FOX AND GEESE

By S. S. Brown

[The following account of the old Morris Games, with diagrams of the boards used in playing them, came through the interest and the courtesy of Dr. Roy M. Brown, Emeritus Professor of Public Welfare Administration, the University of North Carolina, who is brother to Mr. S. S. Brown.
[Mr. S. S. Brown lives at Titusville, Florida. His brother writes of him: "S. S. was born and grew up at Rutherford, Watauga County, N. C. (Boone, Route 1). He has been in Florida for more than thirty years. He is about seventy-five years old." In reply to a letter written by the Editor to him, Mr. S. S. Brown gave cordial permission to use his "Morris Games" and other folklore specimens which he transmitted. Some of these may appear in future numbers of North Carolina Folklore.]

If I remember right there are two kinds of Morris - the Nine Men Morris and the Fifteen Men Morris. Both are played alike. The Nine Men uses nine red grains of corn and nine white. The Fifteen Men uses 15 red and 15 white grains.

The two players take turn about in laying the grains on the board. The object in the play is to make rows of 3 on the board, either vertical, horizontal, or diagonal, and also to prevent your opponent from making rows. When either of the players succeeds in making a row of 3 he is entitled to pick up one of his opponent's grains, and also to lay down another grain on the board, or make another lay-down or move before his opponent plays again.

When all of the grains are laid on the board, the game is continued by moving the grains in any direction so as to make a row of 3 or prevent your opponent from making a row. The person getting the greatest number of grains is the winner.

I think this covers all of the essentials of the game.

----o----

If I am not mistaken the game of Fox and Geese was played on the same board as Morris. It can be played on either the Nine Men or the Fifteen Men board. If you use the Nine Men board you use two red grains for the Foxes and 12 white grains for the Geese. If you use the Fifteen Men board, you use two red grains for the Foxes and 24 white grains for the Geese.

The game starts by laying the grains on the board in any desired position, but I think the Foxes were placed somewhere in the center spaces. The moving now begins. The object of the Foxes is to jump over a goose to a vacant space, and pick up the goose he jumped. The object of the Geese is to hem or block the Fox in such a manner that he cannot move in either direction. If this is done he picks up the Fox. The game continues until the Foxes catch all of the Geese or the Geese block both Foxes.

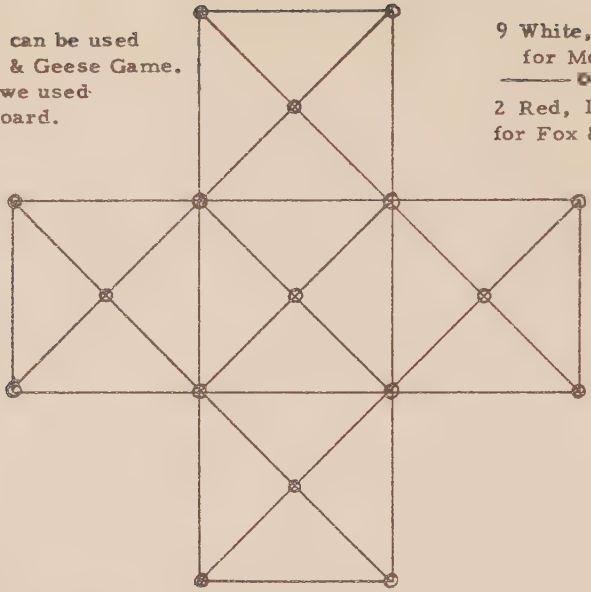
The main object of the Geese is to move in such a manner as not to be caught by the Foxes and also to hem the Foxes in. The object of the Foxes is to move so as to catch as many geese as possible and not get hemmed in.

I believe this covers the Game. I think we played it with 24 Geese and two Foxes on the 15 Men Morris board.

This Board can be used
for the Fox & Geese Game.
But I think we used
the other Board.

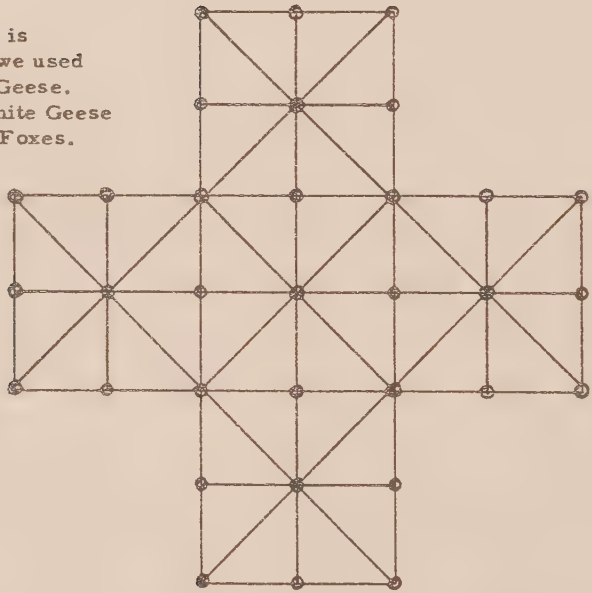
9 White, 9 Red
for Morris

2 Red, 12 White
for Fox & Geese.



Nine Men Morris, played with corn grains.

I think this is
the Board we used
for Fox & Geese.
With 24 White Geese
and 2 Red Foxes.



15 Men Morris, played with corn grains, 15 White, 15 Red.

WILLIAM A-TRIM'LETOE

By Roy M. Brown

[Roy Melton Brown, Emeritus Professor of Public Welfare Administration, is living in retirement on his farm near Chapel Hill, spending his summers on a mountain farm near Boone, where he grew up. He is the author of numerous books and articles in his fields, including (with Jesse Frederick Steiner), The North Carolina Chain Gang (U. N. C. Press, 1927), and Public Poor Relief in North Carolina (U. N. C. Press, 1928). He has been a faithful member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, a contributor, direct and indirect to North Carolina Folklore (see the article by S. S. Brown), and a firm and constructive critic of the first number. In a letter accompanying "William A-Trimbletoe," he writes of "Protocol" (Vol. II, No. 1):

"It may be that a family named Bibb has acquired a farm near Boone and has introduced a kind of farming not typical of the section -- a farm under the direction of a foreman. It is possible that young Mr. William R. Bibb, on "a warm, uncomfortable summer day," hauled a load of manure and a hog into Boone. That would be unusual. It is possible that one might pick up "an old colored man who was also headed for Boone"; but that would be very unusual, because of the almost complete absence of colored men, old or young, in the country around Boone. I suspect that this story is fiction, and not very original fiction. Whether fiction or fact, it does not portray the folkways of that section, and therefore appears to me to have no place in Folklore." [The Editor's apologies to the climate, the rural economy, the social structure, and the folkways of Boone and Watauga -- and to Dr. Brown. He is doing the best he can to get out North Carolina Folklore, and he suspects that Mr. Bibb was doing the best he could to make a deadline in English 1 or 2. He cheerfully accepts reproof, both for himself and for Mr. Bibb.]

This as I knew it in Watauga County was a game. The players each placed two or more fingers on a table with the ends together to form a circle. The narrator, touching a finger at each word, recited:

William A-Trim'letoe
He's a good fisherman;
Ketches his fishes,
Puts* 'em in dishes;
Ketches his hens,
Puts 'em in pens.
Some lay eggs,
Some lay none.
Wire, briar, limberlock,
Set and sing till ten o'clock.
Hickory, dickory, dock
Mouse runs up the clock;
Clock falls down;
Mouse runs roun';
O-U-T spells out.

The player whose finger was touched with the final word out retires to another room or to a distant part of the same room. The other players, in a whispered conference, assume the names of animals. Then the retired player is asked: "Which had you rather come home on, a horse, a cow, or a dog?" (or perhaps a bear, a fox, or a snake). The chosen "animal" toted him "home." "Which do you want to be put down on, a stone bed or a feather bed?" If he

* Put rhymes with but.

chose a stone bed, he was put down very gently. If a feather bed, as roughly as possible.

In my childhood "Hull, Gull" was played with chestnuts or chinquapins. If the second player guessed correctly, he won the chestnuts in the first player's hand. If his guess was not correct, he must give to the first player a number of chestnuts equal to the difference whether more or less.

I have spent many winter hours playing "Fox and Geese"; but I too have forgotten the details of the game.

Another game played with grains of corn and more like checkers was Morris.

In addition to the kissing game at corn-shuckings, which was known but not practiced in the neighborhood where I grew up, there was another game involving red and red-speckled ears. A speckled ear rated five, a red ear ten, and a skewbald fifteen. (A skewbald was a speckled ear with at least five red grains together.) The goal was one hundred.

This game is becoming obsolete, for one reason because of the degeneration (?) of corn. In the so-called improved varieties of corn now generally grown, all ears are either white or yellow. In "the good old days" there were red ears and speckled ears, including an occasional skewbald.

ANSON ANECDOTES

By Hermine Caraway

[Miss Caraway belongs to one of the oldest and best families of Anson County and Wadesboro, where all of the families are old and good. A teacher of English in the Wadesboro High School, she is one of the most active and influential members of the English Council and the English Institute. Last June she was awarded the degree of Master of Education by the University of North Carolina, and returned to her position in Wadesboro. While at Chapel Hill, she took Folklore 185, in the course of which she wrote a sizable paper entitled "Anson Anecdotes," from which some of the following bits have been extracted, and editorially embellished.

Columbus tried three times to get to Anson County, striking closer each time, but he had to die without making it. Hernando DeSoto tried to settle here, but he didn't want anything but gold, and he didn't talk so people could understand him; so they ran him out. Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists at Roanoke heard about it and started out for it, leaving him a note; but they got stranded in Robeson County and mixed up with the Indians. Some tough Scotch-Irish finally got a toe-hold, and they found that Anson was the center of the world -- the horizon was equidistant on all sides; but they didn't write home about it, they dug in and built a Presbyterian church, and stayed there, enjoying sin and predestination. Later, some squatting Episcopalians trickled in after they had been turned out of the church in Virginia and at Edenton. They settled down too and kept on going to seed.

The first school children in Anson County, about 1749, learned geography this way: "Anson County is bounded on the north by Virginia, on the east by Bladen County, on the south by the Peedee River and South Carolina, and on the west by the Mississippi River, by gum." The State of Tennessee was one of its side pockets. It had more coons than all the rest of the Nunited States together, and it had to raise up Davy Crockett to take care of them. If had the best coon dogs on the whole durned continent of North Ameriky. Davy and the coon dogs thinned out the coons so that the Negroes could come in. That's why today Anson County has fifty-one Negroes in every hundred of population. Black and white soon saw that Anson was the center of the Universe -- the horizon is equidistant on all sides. Everything of importance in the history of the Nunited States started in Anson or came to a head there.

For instance, making whiskey and selling it to the Indians. King Hagler told off the white men for making strong drink by rotting good corn in tubs, boiling it, and cooling off the steam into whiskey: "Indians made sick and die; you to blame. Indians have no jail to put bad men in; Indians put their bad men in ground." In 1749 the Council at New Bern complained that "wicked and evil disposed persons in the county of Anson were seeking by artifice and diverse suggestions to arouse the Catawba Indians against His Majesty's subjects legally settled in said county." The rousingest thing they used was rotgut whiskey.

The only other thing of importance that happened before the Revolution was the Regulator rising. It started in Anson County. In 1768 the Anson Regulators kicked out the j.p.'s and read the riot act to Judge Samuel Spencer. "The trouble began in Anson and spread to Orange."

Everybody in Anson knows that Flora MacDonald and the gent who was distinguished by being her husband bought an estate in Anson on Cheek's Creek near the Pee Dee. They were frozen out; they couldn't make the grade socially. But friends did take care of the silver. Some of Sherman's bummers found it there nearly a hundred years later.

In Anson the Revolution was really something. Anson Countians are good folks, but some of them are hard-headed, and it takes all kind of people to make

an Anson, the fellow said. So there were Whigs and Tories. But not the kind Dr. Gulliver wrote about. They didn't wear high heels or low heels; most of them went barefooted. But they sure knew how to fight. And the women mixed in. They could stop a bullet or stretch a rope 'most as good as a man can.

Take Granny Dunn. She was a yarb doctor, a midwife, a cosmetics mixer, a hell-for-leather horseback rider, an Annie Oakley with a rifle, and a stout Whig. You can still get Granny Dunn Salve if you know where to look for it and how to ask for it. It beats BC all hollow. And she could birth you any time you felt it coming on.

One day, at the age of eighty-one, she galloped on horseback to birth one of the Bennett babies. When she got ready to leave, she said, "Name him Risden for the English Bennetts, and Tyler for the Whigs." And so he was. This was the start of Colonel Risden Tyler Bennett, and the name has stuck in Anson.

Once, when she was ninety, she and her husband, who was also distinguished by being Granny Dunn's old man, were being chased by the Tories. Isaac had their baby girl (on second thought, this must have happened before Granny was ninety; figure it out for yourself). Anyhow, Isaac had the baby on the horn of his saddle, and they were riding lickety-split, three jumps ahead of the Tories. Isaac figured that the Tories would be more likely to shoot at him (not knowing, maybe, which was the more dangerous of the two), and if they were captured he might have some trouble with the feeding. So he said, "Here, Granny!" and tossed the baby to her on the dead run. So they got away.

Granny lived to be 108 years old, with the scar of a Tory saber across her head (the hickory splints in her bonnet kept her from being brained). On hearing that a great-great-great-great-granddaughter had given birth to a baby girl, she said, "Arise, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a new daughter." (You couldn't have figured that out for yourself.)

Besides rambunctious coons, Anson had terrible turkeys. When Judge Samuel Spencer, ex-Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, was an old man, he was sitting in the sun with a red skull cap bobbing up and down as he snoozed. A turkey gobbler, seeing the cap, mistook the judge for another turkey cock, jumped on him, and pecked and tromped him so bad that he died.

I could tell some gossip about Theodosia Burr and Governor Alston of South Carolina and their love-nest at the Sneedsborough Inn; but this is going to be a moral story and I have more important, if less interesting, things to tell.

The most important thing that happened, of course, was The War. And the most important and owdacious thing about that was General Sherman and his Bummers.

It took Sandy Martin, of Marven Township, to tell about that. Sandy was a great orator. He had been to Chapel Hill and could talk with the professors there, and the Presbyterian pastor and the Episcopal rector at Wadesboro, no holds barred. But when he made speeches to the folks he talked like folks. He loved to make speeches at Confederate reunions, and especially on Memorial Day (Confederate, not Yankee, Memorial Day). But he talked everywhere, at the drop of a hat. And like a famous old Roman spellbinder he had just one end to his speech, no matter what he had been talking about. It went like this.

"Our brave boys whupped old Sherman out of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia into South Carolina. By the time they got to South Carolina they was mad and on the run. They was getting clost to the center of things. And you know the way it is with a Yankee: Shoot at him and he gets all the madder. Well, he and his boys bummed their way to the Pee Dee River. And this is what happened.

"They crossed the Pee Dee by the light of burnin' ginhouses. And that ain't all they done.

"They blowed up the courthouse and burnt down the churches in Wadesboro. And that ain't all they done.

"They called Colonel Jim Bennett out on his piazzy and shot him dead. And that ain't all they done.

"They drove the mules and the horses and the cows and calves and hogs to the swamps and shooed the guinea hens and the peafowls and the geese over the tall timber. And that ain't all they done.

"They throwed dead mules into widow-women's wells and split open feather-beds and scattered them over the houseyard. And that aint all they done.

"They stabled their horses in Miziz Judge Marshall's parlor and fed 'em in Miss Minnie Minervy's peeanner box. And that ain't all they done.

"They caught Little Billy Barrett with a busted old rifle gun and hung him to the oak tree by the Four-Mile Board. And that ain't all they done.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that ain't all they done. You know that ain't all they done. That wasn't the worst they done.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here I pause to expectorate, spit, and squirt forth ambeer on their tracks and in the direction of where they lie buried in dishonor.

"That wasn't all they done.

"They sneaked up to Jim Swink's house, tolled out Ring and Jerry, and shot the two best damned coon dogs in Anson County."

While Sherman's Bummers were rampaging about in Anson, a young Yankee officer rode up to the Hammond home, in the White Store neighborhood, and made little Fanny Hammond hold his horse while he looked for pickin's in the house. Sis Jane met him at the door. He grabbed her by the shoulders, pushed her toward the piano, and said, "Play me a tune, sister." She did -- "Dixie," as loud as she could bang it.

"Dixie" just about brings to an end the first half of the history of Anson.

This has been "one of those Wadesboro yarns. If you want any more, it will be coming up.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-third annual meeting in Raleigh on December 3, 1954. The public program, well attended, included a talk by Manly Wade Wellman, Chapel Hill author, on the writer's use of folklore; a recital (with guitar accompaniment) by Miss Margaret Underwood of six North Carolina folksongs; and an account by James M. Carpenter of Greensboro of his extensive collection of British folklore. The Society, at its business meeting, confirmed its approval of the revival of North Carolina Folklore and elected A. P. Hudson editor. It also passed a motion increasing membership fees from one dollar to two dollars per annum, but left the old fee of one dollar for high school pupils and students, the fee in both cases entitling the member to issues of the journal.

Officers elected for 1955 are: President, James York, Mocksville; vice presidents, B. E. Washburn, Rutherfordton, and Russell M. Grumman, Chapel Hill; secretary-treasurer, A. P. Hudson, Chapel Hill.

The most important event of the year for the Society has been the revival of North Carolina Folklore. Volume II, No. 1 appeared in October, with fourteen articles, including ballads, folktales, anecdotes, folk obituaries, essays, and one woodcut illustration. Revival of the journal has stimulated interest in the Society, with increase of membership. The number of paid-up members, now around 125, is the greatest in the known history of the Society. Most of the members are North Carolinians, but there is a considerable number in other states, from New York to California, from Michigan to Florida, including great libraries, like those of Princeton, Harvard, and California.

The 1955 meeting, which will be duly announced, with its program, will be held probably on December 2. Members of the Society who may wish to appear on the program should write A. P. Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 523, Chapel Hill.

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A — WILL HAVE NO PEACE AT NIGHT!

B — A Woman is no Problem if you keep her... PREGNANT IN SUMMER BAREFOOT IN WINTER

C — GOD BLESS OUR MORTGAGED HOME

D — Class of 34 — ALCATRAZ

E — THE REASON A DOG HAS SO MANY FRIENDS IS:... HE WAGS HIS TAIL INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE!

F — ONCE A King ALWAYS A King But ONCE A Knight IS ENOUGH!

G — A WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS A MAN IS NOT OLD... UNTIL HE STOPS LOOKING

H — Don't GO AWAY MAD! Just GO AWAY

I — STUBBORN CUSS

J — EVERYTHING I LIKE IS EITHER.... IMMORAL INDECENT... OR FATTENING

K — Please Remain Seated while the ROOM is in MOTION!

L — IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO.. DON'T DO IT HERE!

M — Ass... ...Nowhere!

N — WE DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE... But IT HELPS!

O — ANGLER'S PRAYER — "LORD GIVE ME GRACE TO CATCH A FISH SO BIG... THAT EVEN I... WHEN TELLING OF IT AFTERWARD... MAY NEVER NEED TO LIE!"

P — 斤 及 樂 群

Q — "Enjoy Yourself" IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!!!

R — WORK Fascinates me I can Sit and WATCH it FOR HOURS!

S — ...Nothing to DEATH!

T — GOOD-BY CRUEL WORLD!

U — OLD GOLFERS NEVER DIE.. THEY JUST LOSE THEIR BALLS!

V — DARN DRAFT

W — WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF OLD BUSINESS!

X — IF HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT

17 — THIS IS A TIP FOR YOU TIP — It is NOT a WIGWAM — To BEAT your TOM-TOM

Z

AA — DON'T STARE at the BARTENDER! Someday YOU MAY BE CRAZY TOO!

MOTTOES AND SLOGANS OF THE CURIO SHOP AND BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT

By Jacqueline Williams

[Somewhere in her paper Miss Williams should have told us how many miles she motored, how many shops she looked into, and how many coca-colas she drank in the course of her "research." (Not to say, how many sandwiches she ate.) At any rate, she didn't miss any classes in Folklore 185, which she took last Fall Semester at the University of North Carolina; and she motored home with a Master of Education diploma in her "already bulging valise," to resume teaching in Asheville. When this number of North Carolina Folklore comes out, provided the Editor gets clearance from Anson County and the Post Office Department for both her and Miss Caraway's article (q.v.), she should feel at home, in company with Miss Caraway, who sat next to her in class and with whom she had many adventures, doubtless, that the Editor wots not of.]

Most of the mottoes, slogans, proverbs, or what-have-you, that comprise this collection are the result of a canvassing of curio shops and trick novelty shops throughout Piedmont and Western North Carolina. They are of the wood-plaque variety, and range in price anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar, or a dollar and a half, depending on the size and artistic quality of the plaque. The remaining few consist of the humorous, clever, and sometimes subtle, eye-catching phrases and slogans of the advertising world.

According to shopkeepers, wood-plaque mottoes have become the best-selling souvenir among the vast majority of tourists and pleasure-seekers. In fact, one shopkeeper in Chimney Rock informed me that he was "fresh out": that because of their popularity, he had a difficult time keeping a supply on hand.

There are -- and this is purely my opinion -- four good explanations for their popularity.

First, we can probably safely assume that the popular craze for this particular type of souvenir can partly be explained by the fairly low prices attached to them. In most novelty shops that cater to the tourists in particular, other souvenirs are usually much higher-priced, but the poorest tourist can afford at least one of these plaques. Not only that, but they require very little space in an already-bulging valise. They also have an additional feature of not being fragile.

Second, the modern trend in architecture to build ranch-style homes with rustic dens and elaborate playrooms and hobby rooms has afforded a household use for them as wall decorations. In particular, I have seen the sportsman's variety -- those concerning golfing, fishing, and bowling -- used very appropriately and effectively.

Third, business men in clothing stores, restaurants, bars, etc., have used them to attract attention, not only to their places of business, but to their window and show-case displays as well. Bars and clubrooms have also used them simply for the enjoyment and entertainment of their guests. To find examples of this use, one need go no farther than downtown Chapel Hill. Milton's, Town and Campus, The Rathskeller, and the Intimate Book Shop are at present using them in this manner.

Fourth, -- and perhaps the very best reason for their appeal -- they are "just plain clever," and usually delightfully funny. And even the saddest of us appreciate the spice of wit, wisdom, and humor.

Where do these things come from, and who is responsible for writing them? There seems to be no satisfactory answer. It appears that most of them are the

products of a syndicate in New York City. The syndicate steals the old proverbs and sayings, or gives them a new twist by paraphrasing them, or composes original ones for itself. The syndicate then mails these sayings to novelty manufacturing companies throughout the States, and these companies use their own individual artistic originality in transferring them to plaques of various sizes and sorts. According to information received from shop owners, most of those in circulation in curio shops throughout North Carolina, and in adjoining states as well, are purchased from the following companies: Harry and Martin, Asheville, North Carolina; Standard Souvenir Company, Knoxville, Tennessee; Trick Manufacturing Company, Atlanta, Georgia; and Ausable Souvenir Works, Frederick, Michigan.

The number of topics covered by these wood-plaques is astonishing. They humorously, and sometimes seriously, deal with almost every common moral and immoral law of human conduct and social behavior. There are those dealing with such subjects as economics, politics, marital relations, and sex. Then there are those dealing with lying, gossiping, griping, working, fishing, golfing, bowling, driving, smoking, and drinking. There is still a final group that scarcely seems to fit in with any of the others. This brand, to my way of thinking, might well be described as purveying shallow, cheap sentimentality. The group comprises short verses dedicated to Sweethearts, Friends, Wives, Sisters, and Mothers and Dads. Not only is this variety to be found on wood-plaques, it is also found in abundance on gaudy pillow covers and cushions.

Needless to say, a few plaque mottoes cease to be funny, but are vulgar and obscene. I have purposely not made them a part of this collection. It would embarrass me to do so. But with regard to these, it is interesting to note that the demand for them apparently is not exceedingly great. The reason is obvious. The vulgar and obscene fortunately share a place in the minds and tastes of only the minority. Even here folklore seldom maintains itself for long, since it cannot be freely circulated.

Whether mottoes, verses, and slogans of these kinds will come to hold a permanent place in the annals of American folklore is, of course, unpredictable. Only time can tell. One thing is certain, however. They do undeniably meet one half of the acid test of folklore: that of currency. And, as I have already pointed out, they likewise stand the test of having no known authorship.

Perhaps the largest and most humorous group deals with the closely related subjects of women, men, love, marital relations, and sex.

She wears mink all day. . .
And Fox at night

'Tis better to have
loved a short girl. . .
Than never to have
loved A-TALL!

He who fights with wife
all day
Will have no peace
at night!

Here's to the love
That lies in a
woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies ...

God gave us our relatives,
But thank God,
We can choose our friends.

Don't criticize your
Wife's judgement:
Look whom she married.

Man wants but little
And is easy to please,
But woman bless her,
Wants everything
She sees!

Many a wife is worth
her weight in Gold;
And ...
Most of them collect it.

Every man during his
Lifetime is entitled
to one good dog
And one Good Woman.

God made the earth and
Rested
Then God made man and
Rested
Then God made woman
And since
Neither God nor man
Has rested!

God bless our
MORTGAGED home.

When women find
They have a yen
For simpler things,
They marry men.

To my Squam
You makeum me one
perfect mate
You keepum wigwam
clean first rate
You scrubum clothes
You cookum fine
You gottum shape
that is divine
You lucky Squam, you
in much luck;
You gottum me,
A loving Buck.

A girl who keeps
fishing for a husband
Shouldn't complain
With a worm.

A wife is someone
who stands by her
Husband through all the
trouble
He wouldn't have had
If he hadn't
married her.

The main cause of divorce
is MARRIAGE.

When your wife tells you
To wait a minute,
You become the man
Of the hour.

To my Chief
You are my big strong
Injun chief
You gottum muscle
mostly beef
You thinkum you are
handsome brave
You needum shave
You not much good
You heep big pain
Me love you plenty
just the same.

(And then there are these two versions of The Perfect Man.)

There is a man
Who never drinks
Nor smokes
Nor chews
Nor swears
Who never gambles
Never flirts
And shuns all
Sinful snares
HE'S PARALYZED!

A girl who swears
She's never been Kissed
Has a right
To swear.

Try praising thy wife
Even if it frightens
her at first.

There is a man
Who never does
Anything that is
not right.
His wife can tell
Just where he is
Morning, Noon, and
Night...
HE'S DEAD!

A woman is as
Old as she looks.
A man is not old...
Until he stops looking.

I pine and
Balsam for you.

Need advice on how to drive?

Don't hit me . . .
I'm a tax-payer!

Drive like lightning,
Crash like hell!

Watch out for
School children --
Especially
If they're driving cars.

Dont' be a screw
. . . Driver!

Keep our streets clean.
Don't spatter yourself!

You're not driving
Your car after
You pass sixty-five
Miles an hour:
You're AIMIN' it.

An old-timer is one
Who remembers
When it cost more
To operate a car
Than to park it.

These two concerning politicians were displayed in various places:

A politician thinks of
The next election;
A statesman, of
The next generation.

Give a politician a
Few facts and he'll
Draw his own confusions.

There is more truth than poetry in these about gossiping:

The fish wouldn't
get Hooked
If he kept his
Mouth Shut!

When in doubt
Mind you own
Business!

My Daily Prayer
O Lord, help me
to keep my
Damn nose
Out of other
People's business.

The reason a dog
Has so many Friends . . .
He wags his tail
Instead of his tongue.

How to win few
Friends
And influence small
People

Three Quick Means of
Communication
TELEPHONE
TELEGRAPH
TELAWOMAN

Much of the philosophy contained in these concerning work is certainly workable:

If you want to kill
Time
Try working it
To death.

Opportunity may knock
Only once --
But temptation keeps
Banging for years.

If you have
Nothing to do...
Don't do it here.

An off Day
Always
Follows
A Day Off.

The man who invented
Work, made one Bad
Mistake. He didn't
Finish it!

Work fascinates me:
I can sit and
Look at it
For hours.

Old Bosses never die.
They just sit
On their assets..

If you're so damn
Smart
Why ain't you rich?

It isn't the size
Of the dog in the
Fight.
It's the fight in
The dog.

Those who think
They can't
Are generally right.

Hard work may not kill
But scares some
Half to death.

The evils of smoking, drinking, and other so-called "vices":

Everything I like is
either Illegal
Immoral
or FATTENING!

Smokers and chewers
Please spit on
each other,
And not on the
stove or floor.

Why be unpleasant
when with
A little more effort
You can be a real
Stinker?
(or Impossible)

Hangover Breakfast
Tomato juice
Two raw eggs
Black coffee
Aspirin
And ... Our Sympathy.

Don't stare at the
Bartender!
Someday you may be
That way too.

For the best corn
Likker in town
Don't come here!

Nothin's too good fer you,
So nothin's what ye got.

Don't spit on the floor,
Th' spittoon's behind th' door.

We ain't responsible fer
any wives
Younguns, mules,
Guitars, corn Squeezins
Or upper-plates that gits
Lost, Strayed, er Stolen
Around here!

Five in one bed
Ain't allowed.
Sleep with the Dogs -
But please don't crowd.
Park your shootin' irons
on a hook.
(Damn if we wan't you
Shootin' our cook!)

Enjoy yourself...
It's later than you think.

You got what it takes
To take wot I got.

From the griping and worrying departments come these few:

It takes thirteen muscles
to smile,
Sixty-five to frown.
Why overwork?

If you growl all day,
Naturally you're going to be
Dog-tired at night.

Outside of everything --
What's wrong?

Worry is the interest
You pay on trouble
Before you have it.

Today ...
Is the tomorrow
You worried about
Yesterday
And all is well.

Dog tired in the evening?
Maybe you have
been growling
Too much during
the day.

Kicking gets you
Nowhere, ... unless
You're a chorus girl.

How to win few friends
And influence small people.

Today is the tomorrow
You worried about
Which never came.

Don't Worry
You won't get out
Of this world
Alive anyway!

Then there are a number of miscellaneous philosophical ones.

Those who think
They can't
Are generally right

The Red man
Scalps His Enemy
A white man
Skins His Friend.

So your're a traveling
Salesman ... eh?
Well .....
Keep traveling!

It is better to remain
Silent and appear a
Fool, than to speak
And remove all doubt.

Donkey Meter
If tail is wet -- Rain
If tail is swinging -- Windy
If frozen -- Cold
If tail is gone -- CYCLONE!

An Old Negro on a Donkey
"Fast Freight in Dixie"

Knowing that
You don't know
Is knowing more
Than most.

Ve get too soon oldt
Undt too late
Ve get schmart!

A highbrow is a person
Educated
Beyond his intelligence.

It takes all kinds of
People to make a world --
And the world
Certainly has them.

Success
It is a mistake
to suppose that
Men succeed through
success.
They much oftener
succeed through failure.

Everyone has some useful purpose,
Even if it is only
To serve as a horrid example!

When your heels hit hard
And your head feels queer,
And your thoughts foam up
Like froth on beer;
When your legs are weak
And your voice is strong
And you laugh like hell
At some damn fool song,
You're drunk... By Gosh!
You're Drunk!

The sportsman variety seems to be dedicated especially to the fisherman.

Fisherman to Mermaid
But I've got to
Throw you back,
Baby, -- who in hell
Will believe me?

I ask a simple question;
The answer I surely wish:
Are all fishermen Liars
Or do all the Liars fish?

The Bowler's Prayer
Lord give me grace
To bowl a score
So high that even I
When telling of it
Afterwards
May never need to lie.

WARNING
FISH POX
Very Contagious to adult males

Symptoms - continual complaint as to need for fresh air, sunshine, and relaxation. Patient has blank expression, Sometimes deaf to wife and kids. Has no taste for work of any kind. Frequent checking of catalogues. Hangs out in sporting good stores longer than usual. Secret night phone calls to fishing pals. Mumbles to himself. Lies to everyone. No Known Cure. Treatment - Medication is useless. Disease is not fatal. Victim should go fishing as often as possible

Wiley Bass
Department of Public Health

The Angler's Prayer
Lord give me grace
to catch a fish --
So big that even I --
When telling of it
afterwards
May never need to lie.

A Fish's Prayer
I hope the jerk that
catches me
Won't say I'm as
large as he
Or that I'm a nifty
and tipped
The scale at Four N Fifty.

Behold the Golfer
(or Fisherman)
He riseth up early
in the morning and
Disturbeth the whole
neighborhood.
Mighty are his preparations.
He goeth forth full of hope,
And when the day is
far spent
He returneth smelling
of strong drink...
And the truth is
not in him.

Slogans and signs in the business and advertising world.

We need your head in our business. (Sign in barber shop)

Don't go away mad -- Just go away! (Sign in college infirmary)

Don't feed our dogs. They can't stand our cooking either!
(Sign in small cafe in Western N. C.)

Some like it hot
Some like it cold (Sign in restaurant in Western, N. C.)
It's just right here!

What the hell are you looking up here for? (Huge sign hanging over a well-stocked display of naughty plaques in a curio shop)

We take the dents out of accidents. (Slogan of various body shops)

Why drag around half dead when Henry L. Jackson will bury you for only twenty-five dollard? (Slogan for a colored funeral home in Marion, S. C.)

Time will pass... Will you? (Slogan used in some colleges during exam time.)

We aim to please. You aim too, please. (Sign found in various business concerns)

Don't knock our coffee -- You may be old and weak yourself some day.
(Sign in restaurant)

The silver is not medicine: Don't take it after meals!
(Sign in restaurant)

The man who always watches the clock
Usually remains one of the hands. (Sign in an industrial plant)

We do the blackest business in town. (Slogan of a coal dealer in Marion, S. C.)

Come clean and we will dye for you. (Slogan of a dry cleaners in Atlanta, Ga.)

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

North Carolina is internationally known by three folklore trivia: buncombe (bunkum), Tar Heel, and The governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina (or the converse). It has also made one widely accepted contribution to American folksong, the dolorous ballad Little Omie Wise. But, being one of the Thirteen Colonies, with a white population of around 95 per cent English, Scotch, and Irish, plus a sprinkling of German and Moravian, it has a body of traditional material, both in oral currency and in collected and printed form, which makes it one of the most prominent states on the map of American folklore. In North Carolina, folklore is well established as a cultural heritage, as a science, and as an application of artistic treatment.

The opulent variety of North Carolina folklore is represented by The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, 5 vols. (The Duke University Press, 1952 and following). This publication has been described by one reviewer (The Virginia Quarterly, Winter 1953, p. 146) as "surely the most imposing monument ever erected in this country to the common memory of the people of any single State," and by another (New York Times Book Review, August 31, 1952) as "a major contribution to American folklore." It is the result of the labors of one man and his friends and fellow-members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, as collectors, and of a group of twelve scholars from Duke, California, Harvard, Indiana and North Carolina Universities, as editors. It includes: (I) games and rhymes, beliefs and customs, riddles, proverbs, folk speech, tales and legends; (II) ballads; (III) folksongs; (IV) the music of the ballads and songs; (V) superstitions. Volume II, for example, contains, among the various types of ballads, forty-nine of the oldest traditional pieces corresponding to pieces in the ballad canon set up by Francis J. Child. Recovered in scores of variants, this number of ballads puts North Carolina at the front with Maine and Virginia in respect of such traditional survivals in the United States. Of the native ballads and folksongs, hundreds reflect the military, social, political, and religious history, the beliefs and the customs of North Carolinians from the Colonial Period to World War I, and recall in various ways their heritage of Old World culture .

In the field of folksong, The Frank C. Brown Collection is supplemented by several important publications. Among the most distinguished, from the point of view of texts and music, is Cecil J. Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, ed. by Maud Karpeles, 2 vols. (Oxford University Press, 1932), many of its best songs being from North Carolina. Other collections are: Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson's Negro Workaday Songs (U. N. C. Press, 1926) and their The Negro and His Songs (U. N. C. Press, 1927); Newman I. White's American Negro Folk Songs (Harvard University Press, 1928); George Pullen Jackson's White and Negro Spirituals (J. J. Augustin, 1943) and several other books on the spiritual.

The tales and legends in the Brown Collection are supplemented by Richard Chase's The Jack Tales (Houghton Mifflin, 1943) and Grandfather Tales (Houghton Mifflin, 1948); John Harden's The Devil's Tramping Ground (U. N. C. Press, 1949) and Tar Heel Ghosts (U. N. C. Press, 1954); and W. C. Hendricks' Bundle of Troubles and Other Tar Heel Tales (Duke University Press, 1943). An older classic, one of the very first collections of traditional tales published in America, is H. E. Taliaffero's Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters (New York, 1859).

Scholarly study of folklore has been pursued on the campuses of the University of North Carolina and Duke University for over forty years. Besides Frank C. Brown and Newman I. White at Duke, a succession of scholars at Chapel Hill,

Greensboro, and Raleigh, including C. Alphonso Smith, Howard W. Odum, Guy B. Johnson, Ralph S. Boggs, A. P. Hudson, J. P. Schinhan, John E. Keller, J. D. Clark, and George P. Wilson, have collected, studied, and published folklore. Many of their books, bearing the imprint of the University of North Carolina Press, have appeared from time to time, and their articles have appeared in such periodicals as Journal of American Folklore, Southern Folklore Quarterly, and South Atlantic Quarterly. The North Carolina Folklore Society (founded in 1912) and the North Carolina Folklore Council (founded in 1937) have fostered the organized study of folklore. North Carolina Folklore, a journal, founded in 1948, is published at Chapel Hill under the joint auspices of the two organizations.

Artistic, creative use of folklore has been practiced by numerous dramatists, fiction writers, and musicians. The earliest conscious practitioners were Frederick H. Koch and his pupils, represented partly in Koch's editions of American Folk-Plays (D. Appleton, 1939) and Carolina Folk-Plays (Henry Holt, 1941). The most eminent are Paul Green, in numerous plays, novels, and short stories, and Thomas Wolfe, in the same genres. Olive Tilford Dargan and Bernice Harris Kelley have also made notable use of folklore in their fiction. In 1930 Lamar Stringfield won the Pulitzer Prize in Music with his Cripple Creek Suite. The University of North Carolina Television Station WUNC-TV offers programs in folklore.

Most of the three aspects of folklore in North Carolina are reflected in W. T. Couch's Culture in the South (U. N. C. Press, 1934) and numerous pamphlets published by the Extension Library of the University of North Carolina, which are listed from time to time in printed form.

A recent bibliography of the University of North Carolina's holdings in North Carolina folklore compiled by Mr. Billy Wilkinson as an English 167 term-paper project lists 325 items. This will probably be greatly increased, both by discovery of items at first missed and by forthcoming publications. It is in my possession.

Both the University of North Carolina Library and the Duke University Library (within 12 miles of Chapel Hill, and sharing in inter-library loan) have large and valuable holdings in general folklore, though these have not been separately listed. For instance, the University of North Carolina Library has recently acquired the Richard Jente Collection of the Proverb and Folklore, comprising 818 books (15th century to 1952), 558 pamphlets and periodical articles, and 600 boxes of correspondence, facsimiles, manuscripts, etc. Besides this collection, the Library has over 1,000 volumes directly pertaining to the field of folklore, supplemented by many times this number of necessary auxiliary volumes in related fields.

EIGHTH ANNUAL CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

After having been showered out of Kenan Stadium into Memorial Hall, for the second successive night, the Eighth Annual Carolina Folk Festival closed there Saturday, July 11, to the strains of "Old Rattler," played by George Pegram and Red Parham. In Memorial Hall, this last show did not achieve again the somewhat wobbly momentum it had developed before the rain came.

Disgusting rowdyism in the audience, quelled at last by the firmness and the evident fighting spirit of Director Bascom Lamar Lunsford, gave a sour note to the finale, and made the performers nervous, and the well-behaved portion of the audience somewhat dubious about the future of the Folk Festival. Both feelings were symptomatic of many intelligent judgments about the Eighth Festival as a whole. It was uneven, ragged, imperfectly disciplined, and over-exuberant. The number of performers and of acts was too great, much of both was almost completely lacking in the authentic folk note, and what talent there was did not display its best resources.

One exception might be made to this generalization. The dancing was superior to anything exhibited on the stage since Mrs. Lily Lee Baker's somewhat-too-slick Texans trekked up from Austin.

At least half a dozen crack teams, handsome in person, beautifully costumed, and splendidly drilled, appeared on the program. Notable among these were Mrs. Willis Wynn's juveniles from the Glenn School in Durham County; the Occoneechee Braves, a Boy Scout team, that gave the "Apache Death Dance" under Clyde Wheeler, of Durham, a director who evidently knew his Indians and their dances; the two dance teams from White Cross, Orange County; the Scotch lassies from the Cape Fear county, and the teams from Burlington and the mountains (Valley Springs, as good-looking, beautifully dressed, high-spirited, and smooth a team as heart could desire.) Again, the two little Wright boys, pigmy East Carolina planters, tickled the audience with their solo stuff.

The instrumental music was, with a few exceptions, but little above the ruck of hillbilly stuff that rides the radio -- too many electric git-tars, too much screeching, nasalizing, gum-chewing, and gargling of old Tin Pan Alley stuff and saccharine orphan and parted-lovers songs of the last century. Rimmer's and Rose's bands were perhaps the best.

Of individual performers, George Pegram and Red Parham lived up to their reputations. In fact, George's reputation had been improving. This phenomenon was the theme of most of the formal introductions he received. Somewhat subdued, holding himself in the background until officially called for, George is now no less of an artist in his specialty than he was in the old days when he often responded off cue to the ribald cries of "George! George! George! We want George!" A citation of honor must be given to J. Laurel Johnson, of Atlanta, who with an excellent instrument exhibited the authentic beat and the pure note of the genuine traditional folk fiddler. Obray Ramsay, from Laurel River, was a banjoist of note.

To this reviewer, who attended all three performances, and has attended seven festivals, the singing was keenly disappointing. The talent was there, but it did not choose the right pieces -- with a few honorable exceptions. Mrs. Freda English, from the heart of the best ballad-singing pocket in the mountains, did not sing a single good traditional secular song, yet she admitted that she knew many of the kind that her people gave Cecil J. Sharp. Miss Eunice Arnold's selections were only so-so: "Peter Gray" and one or two others. Virgil Sturgill gave his usual "Jackie Frazier," which is a bit too long for outdoor audiences accustomed to television and radio spots; his "Pretty Polly" was also too long, and was not the best version. The much-advertised Donald McDonald was a

cultivated and smooth singer; but for a man reputed to have spent a year in Scotland learning the Lalland songs, his Harry Lauder imitations were not up to expectations. He hit the true note only once, in a Gaelic folk-song. Mrs. Claire Simmons, of Charlotte, a charming personality and a trained singer, pleased with Burns's "My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose," but only tired the audience with "Robin Adair" and another long song the title and the words of which both escaped this listener.

Little Joan Moser, with a large and beautiful repertory, sang three times the lovely "Green Willow in My Hat." Why couldn't she have changed her offerings for the sake of variety as well as for the benefit of repeaters? Then, too, Mrs. Sherrell, accompanied by Mrs. English on the guitar, gave, three times, "The Lonesome Valley," a beautiful and impressive spiritual, and beautifully and impressively rendered -- only it begins to wear after one has heard it several times. Bob Keppel, from M. I. T., gave a fine "Twa sisters," that was too long, for that time of night, and missed his chance of doing something better adapted to the audience's temper, when he appeared the second night with "Whisky in the Jug," instead of a short mixture of the spiritual and the animal song that he had learned from his Mississippi mother.

One delightful feature that ought to have come off was "The Arkansaw Traveler," almost improvised by Manly Wade Wellman and Bascom Lamar Lunsford. This simon-pure specimen of American folk drama ought to be cherished and worked up for future festivals.

And mention of future festivals raises a question. The disappointingly small audiences, the ragged performances, the low percentage of fresh and genuine folk stuff, the gradual falling away of attendance and support of students and Chapel Hillians, the failure of performers to give their best, bode ill for the Festival. Mr. Lunsford, like Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott, has to do the best he can with what he has, if he wants people to come out and see and hear. This year he got together too much. It was not properly screened and processed and monitored. It is doubtful that one man can do all that. He needs help.

The only future for the Festival, it seems to me, lies along the road of better selection of performers and folk material. Better quality, a more orderly program, better-controlled conditions of presentation must be achieved. Let only good performers be invited, and be sure about what they offer. One change might help a great deal: Memorial Hall for Kenan Stadium, which is too uncertain. Oh, for a big hall with comfortable seats and ventilation!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Though North Carolina Folklore is not prepared to run reviews of books, phonograph records, and other folklore publications, the Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of four albums by Stinson: Paul Clayton, Whaling Songs and Ballads (SLP 69); Ewan McColl, Fourpence a Day, British Industrial Folk Songs (SLP 79); Milt Okun, Jack Was Every Inch a Sailor (SLP 65) and I Sing of Canada! (SLP 71). These he has enjoyed and played in part to his classes. I Sing of Canada! was delivered by Mr. Okun in person and was supplemented by a "live" appearance of the singer before English 167 on May 24.

Professor MacEdward Leach's The Ballad Book (New York: Harper, 1955), sent to editor and teacher, does look like the book for teaching the English-Scottish and American native ballads.

But this is not a review!